

# The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV--NO. 29.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 7, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1,224.

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**SPANGLER & WADE,**

204 East Main Street, Massillon, Ohio.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCaughey, Attorney at Law, office over Dielheim's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

Cole & Reinoehl, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

### BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jas. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President. C. Stees, Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Dealers in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange, collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

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### DRY GOODS.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in General Dry Goods, Novelties, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main street.

### PHYSICIANS:

H. E. GARRIGUS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barritt. Near corner of Main and Erie street. Residence 241 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D., SURGEON. Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M., 12 M. to 2 P. M., 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O. DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

J. N. DOYLE, a well known resident of Linden, Perry county, Tenn., was arrested at Nashville, for the murder of James Deutch, at Elizabethtown, Ill., twenty years ago.

Frederick Wittrock, Thomas Weaver and William W. Haight pleaded guilty to indictments for the Adams express robbery. The latter was sentenced to five years, and the others to seven years each.

### HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

### MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Moldings, etc.

H. ESS. SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

R. USELL IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, manufacturers of Bridges, Roads and General Iron Structures.

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M. MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, Manufacturing Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

M. MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, manufacturers of Bridges, Roads and General Iron Structures.

### CROPPERS.

D. ATWATER & SON, established in 1852, forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce, Warehouses in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

A. L. BRIGHTON, CO., Cash Grocery and Provision Dealers, Queenware, etc., No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

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PROF. C. E. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 332, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and Main streets.

**MOST PERFECT MADE**

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonium Sulfate, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

### GOV. FORAKER'S MESSAGE.

#### THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY OHIO'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

**Annual Message Sent to the Legislature on the Assembling of That Body—The People Congratulated on the Result of the Recent Elections—The Dow Law.**

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4.—The main points of Governor Foraker's message, submitted to the legislature, are as follows:

"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4.

"TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY: The recent elections did much to dispel the distrust that has obtained throughout the country during the last two years as to the policy to be pursued by our national government in regard to the protection of American labor and industries. It can now be stated with great confidence that no political party will be allowed, however much it may desire, to break down that wise and patriotic policy to which we are so much indebted for the unexpected prosperity we have enjoyed during the last quarter of a century.

"The assurance thus afforded is already beneficially manifesting itself throughout all our business interests. \* \* \* The question of a free ballot and a fair count" was before you in an immediate and a practical way. Men had been returned as elected to both branches of your body who had no shadow of claim to the seats they held, except by virtue of open, notorious and concealed frauds at the polls and in the returns. The Pugley law, which you first enacted and made applicable to the cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus and Toledo, gave great satisfaction; but it was not sufficiently complete to fully guard against all danger; and the registration act, applicable to Cincinnati and Cleveland, followed. This statute can not be too highly commended. It has given universal and unqualified satisfaction to all well-meaning citizens of both political parties. It has enabled the people of Cincinnati to have quiet, decent and honest election.

"While you are considering the subject of elections there is another matter to which you should give attention. There has recently been much discussion in the newspapers of the state concerning the advisability of abolishing April or spring elections. It is difficult, in view of the experience we have had, to assign any satisfactory reason for having two elections annually. It will save time, labor and excitement to have all our elections for each year on the same day. The constitution has been so amended as to admit of a provision to that effect, and it is accordingly recommended that you enact it. It is further recommended that you give due consideration to the suggestion that has been made that if we have all our elections on the same day it should be made a legal holiday. We cannot attach too much importance to the elective franchise."

"Referring to the absence of certain senators from the capital last winter, he says:

"You should enact a law providing that any state official who abandons his post of duty and goes beyond the state to avoid being compelled to perform it, shall be deemed guilty of an offense of sufficient gravity to make him subject to extraterritorial upon the requisition of the governor."

"On the question of labor the message says: "Important recommendations are made in the reports of the chief inspector of workshops and factories, the inspector of mines, and the commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics with respect to the laws governing their several departments. It is deemed unnecessary to review them here in detail. You will have them before you, and it is recommended that you adopt and enact into law such suggestions contained in them as may be calculated to a legitimate way ameliorate and advance the condition of the laboring classes of the state. It is with great gratification that you are reminded that, while they have had riots and bloodshed in other states, we have been spared all serious labor trouble. This is due to the good sense and patriotic desire of our people to observe and uphold the law and mutually respect the rights of others."

"On the subject of benevolent institutions the governor says: "The benevolent institutions are in a very satisfactory condition. It has been found necessary to make but few changes of management during the year. The several reports of the trustees and various officials of these institutions are submitted herewith. They are so complete as to make it unnecessary to do more than refer you to them for any information that may be desired."

"On the same subject the governor says: "The benevolent institutions should be kept out of politics. He says a careful study of this matter has resulted in these conclusions:

"The benevolent institutions ought to be independent of political changes in state government.

"They have no relation to political issues or differences, and may, therefore, with propriety be made so.

"Minority representation in mixed boards does not accomplish this purpose. The majority will manifest their power and always exercise it for the benefits of their party, and when bad results are obtained they will hide behind the minority, who will plead want of responsibility.

"The best system is non-partisan control, in which neither party will have a majority, but both will have equal representation and equal responsibility.

"This control should not be by independent boards, but by one board of four or six members, to govern all the institutions of the state.

"The governor should appoint all the superintendents of these institutions, subject to approval by this board; and the superintendent of each institution should, by the same approval, appoint all the subordinate officers. The appointing power should also have the power of removal, subject to the approval of the board.

"The governor should be ex-officio a member with power to give a casting vote in all cases of equal division.

"This plan would fix responsibility. It would secure an equal representation of both parties. No governor or superintendent could, if he desired, favor his own party in appointments to be made, since all must be confirmed by a majority, hence, necessarily, by the vote of his political opponents as well as by the vote of his friends. It would secure more votes to the people of the state to the superintendents in the management."

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## A Young Lady's Toilet.



When she rises in the morning  
And prepares to go down-town,  
She puts on a walking gown;  
By that prettiest of dresses  
Her fair neck is not displayed;  
She ne'er modestly transgresses  
When in that she is arrayed.



For the afternoon arraying  
She's more dressy than before,  
With her lace and ribbons displaying  
Or her neck a little more.  
For, as clothing grows expensive,  
From the top it always comes down,  
And the one that's least expensive  
Is the very sweetest gown.



When in full dress she's attired,  
You will find her clothing less,  
It is never height of dress,  
It is odd she calls this dressing;  
Let us hope it is not so,  
For it will rarely be surprising  
If she wears any more.

Elliott Flower, in Judge.

## What to Wear.

An admixture of tints is to be decided fashionably this season. The black and dark tones are gradually giving way in England, where they have been so popular.

Chemisettes are largely imported of fine plaited lawn, embroidery and needlework. Some of the French chemisettes are neatly finished with blocks and rows of hem-stitching.

Soft woolen stuffs are frequently made up with full bodies, the plaits or gathers crossing over the bosoms and joined to the skirt draperies in a looped sash or plastron drapery.

A new bit of jewelry worn abroad, which we are longing to see imported to this side, is a ruby almond inclosed in a golden shell. The shell is half open, showing the glittering ruby inside.

Leather cord applied on an alpaca band for protecting the bottom of a dress skirt is so far superior to the braid so long in use that it will, without doubt, take the place of it altogether.

A frequent arrangement of plaids or checks and plain stuff in a frock is to make the entire skirt, undercouse and sleeves of the plaid or check, with a cut-away overjacket or coat, of plain goods.

Undressed kid gloves are worn upon all occasions in the various shades of brown. For evening wear white undressed kid gloves are seen, although the light Suede tints are more fashionable.

Underskirts of gray and black silk moireen are made with a number of flounces at the back, and set excellently. It is necessary that they be made by a person who understands the requirements of a well-fitting skirt.

In the costumes there is generally no parting; all the hair is turned up and slightly puffed out, as in the Marie Antoinette style. Then the hair is twisted and arranged into a loop quite in front, in the middle of the head, while all the rest of the hair is fastened into a roll at the back, a little to the left. It is very simple, but requires great care in arranging the hair at the back of the neck. This should be done rather loosely, and when the coiffure is finished the hair should be well rolled up with the comb and the left hand, and fastened here and there with hairpins. For this purpose gilt pins are generally used, and look much prettier than black ones.

Something that would take the place of the so-long-used plastron is the "passe" seen on French costumes. It is made in the shape of a heraldic shield, and buttoned across the lower part of the waist. Often the short plastron is used, but the shield is an entirely different color and fabric from either plastron or suit. With all the novelties we have in basques, jackets and other waist covering the inquiry every day is for something new. Yokes are revived and used of almost every material, such as velvet, silk, embroidered net, passementerie, and where the fabric admits, plaited, shirred and puffed. The yokes are often pointed than square across, and in some cases three points are seen across.

## WOMEN OF THE HAREM.

A Brief Glimpse of the Peculiar Feature of the Orient.

One of the conditions upon which a woman enters the harem is that she gives up all family ties and connections with the outside world. While polygamy is permitted in Turkey, not more than 5 per cent of His Majesty's Moslem subjects have harems. Gen. Wallace depicted in a humorous vein the curiosity of American women to visit the harems. They always have a great desire to see the poor creatures at home, and devise some means to raise them from their degraded condition. After a visit many of these ladies change their minds about the fearful fate of the Turkish women. The Turkish ladies assemble in a common reception room richly furnished. They are attended by a throng of slaves, white and black, who do their every bidding. The mistresses of these harems wear costumes which the speaker, after apologizing for his deficiency on the subject of feminine apparel, undertook to describe. Their clothing is of the richest material. Of the general intelligence of these women their American sisters who have seen them do not speak in flattering terms. The conversation between the Turkish women and their visitors nearly always runs about this way:

"Where are you from? inquire the luxuriant wives of the Mahometans. "From America?" "Where is America?" "It's over the ocean." "Do you ever go out there without wearing veil? Aren't you ashamed before the men?" "We don't pay any attention to the men."

It is the general opinion that ladies of the harem are prisoners. This is merely a delusion. Every Turkish woman has her own quarters and her own slave to wait upon her. She can take a ride whenever she wishes, and she wears what she pleases without any interference. The Turkish headdress is, with due reference to the styles of Paris and New York, the most becoming of any in the world. It makes the homeliest women handsome and the handsomest an angel. The Turkish women are, next to our own American women, the most beautiful I have ever seen. Glimpses of them can be caught on Fridays, the Turkish Sunday, or from their carriages. They do their own shopping. It is theirs to buy as they please and their husbands' to pay for it. It is incorrect to say that there is no home-life among the Turks. Laying aside the tie of husband and wife, there remains that almost as dear—parent and child. The residents of the harem, which means a sacred or secret place, are passionately devoted to their children, upon whom they can shower all the tenderness of a woman's nature.

—From Gen. Lew Wallace's Lecture.

## We Haven't Any Boys.

The girls save their money for matinee seats. They crowd every theatre in which pretty women are displayed upon the stage. They visit in throngs houses of entertainment in which spectacular pieces are given, and after the performance promenade the streets, joining the great army going up-town and the other great army going down-town, the ceaseless beating of the human tide upon the shore of endeavor and effort.

I look in vain for the occupation of the boys and entertainment of the young men. I don't recall a boy with a hoop, a boy with a sled, a boy with a kite, in five years at the very least. In the skating season thousands of boys and girls of the poorer classes go to Central Park, and they are met in cars and on the streets with their skates slung over their arms, but skating in New York is an exceptional occurrence. Some winters we don't have an hour of it, other winters we have few days. Thus far this winter not a moment.

Actually, I am staggered to tell what the boys do with themselves.

We have coteries for dancing, clubs for base-ball, but boys cannot dance all the time, and base-ball is a pastime for a season only. I don't think I have seen a boy with a round jacket or any sort of a coat without a tail in ten years.

We haven't any boys.

They are all young matrons, dukes, and duchesses.

They begin smoking when they are 7 years of age, and they are pretty well played out by the time they are 18 or 19. If I had smoked a cigar on the way to school when I was a boy I would have been thrashed when I entered the room, and I would have been sick at my stomach between times. But the schoolboys now wear high hats, tails to their coats, smoke cigarettes, and are clothed well. There is nothing in the Eden Musee that is half as funny as they are. Actually it seems as though humanity was turned heels over head.

Sitting in John Statson's box the other night during the performance of "Princess Ida," I looked through the audience and remarked at the time that there were over 150 boys there not over 18 years of age, all dressed in the height of fashion, and every one of them went out, as a sensational writer would say, "between every act," took his drink and his smoke, and going out for those cheerful purposes they actually couldn't wait until they got outside the door, but, pulling cigarette case from one pocket and a match from the other, passing the door struck the match, lighted the cigarette, and started forth upon the process of health depletion.—*John Howard's Boston Globe.*

## Divisions of the Sex.

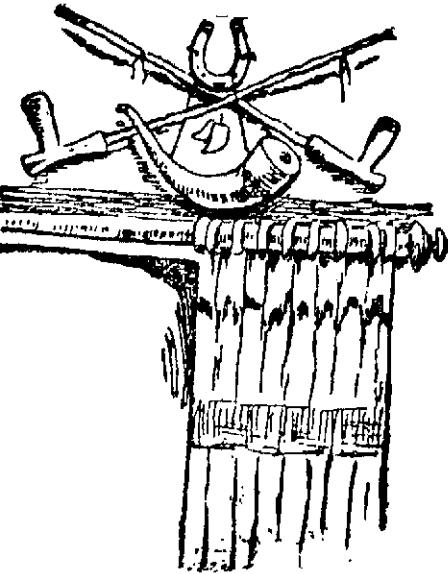
By the way, writes Clara Belle, we have divided our sex into three sections, for the sake of generalization. Very young girls, who have this season made their debut in society, are called "debutantes." Antiquated old maidens are "tabbies." And the intermediate ones, who are still youthful by courtesy, but have been there about as long as it is advisable before marrying, are "bairries," because theyarry unmarried. Specimens are common, at the opera especially, and they are distinguishable for their extreme tolerance of aged beaux at marriageable sort.

## GENERAL LOGAN'S HOME.

How He Bought It and What He Had to Pay for It—Mrs. Logan's Economy.



John A. Logan.



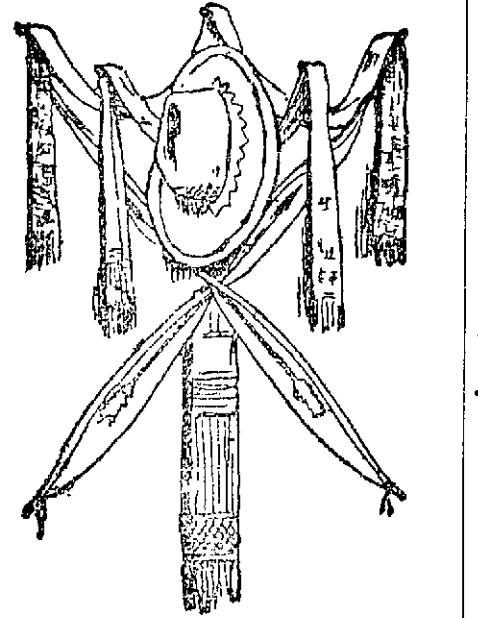
A Window Decoration.

found packed away in an old loft, when clean, restored, and covered, only cost \$3 apiece.

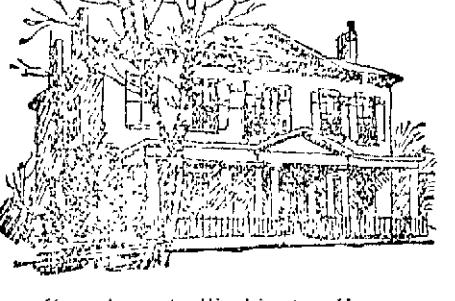
In one old store Mrs. Logan found a heavy mahogany dressing-case and bureau. These formerly belonged to President James Buchanan. The house throughout is furnished with this solid, substantial old furniture. A great deal of color is given to the interior by the numerous Indian decorations brought from the Far West by the General, and his wife when they visited New Mexico several years ago.

In the hall is a great white Mexican sombrero weighing at least ten pounds. Around it hang red strips of wampum, and crossed below are a pair of highly decorated bows and arrows painted by Princess Mary, sister of Capt. Jack.

The old clock in the hall was presented to Mrs. Logan by a number of Washington ladies. She has many souvenirs like this scattered through the house. The clock is one of the new old-fashioned clocks made in gorgeous imitation of the tall towers our great-grandfathers used to wind up. It is placed in the lower hallway, just inside the vestibule, and its dignified tick-tack sounds like a welcome to those who call at the house.



Relief of the Wild West.



Gen. Logan's Washington Home.

The purchase of the "Stone House" by Gen. Logan, which has been made to appear as a very extravagant purchase for a poor man, appears to have been one of the most economical and fortunate things that he could have done. The interest upon the purchase price makes him at the outside a rent of only \$1,200 a year, so that his expense of living cannot be any greater than it was when he occupied the second floor of the boarding-house on Twelfth street while he has secured one of the best real-estate investments of the year.

The house which he bought had been in the market for years. It was shabby and out of repair.

It was a very solidly-built house of the old-fashioned kind, but little had been done to it since its construction.

Several people at various

times had rented the house and tried to

use it for summer boarders. But no one

had thought it worth purchasing.

It is situated upon the first sharp rise north

of the boundary road going up Thirteenth street. It is a block and a half from the terminus of the Fourteenth street-car line. It was part of the Stone estate, which was purchased by Senator John Sherman some time ago in company with certain local speculators. It is understood that Mr. Sherman had a half interest in this property. When Senator Logan went to examine the house he found it unpainted, the windows broken in, the doors in many places unhung, and a general atmosphere of disastrous decay pervading the building. He examined carefully the foundations and the walls of the house and found that they were in splendid condition and that all the house needed was careful repairing in order to make it one of the best houses in town. He made an offer of \$16,000 for the place, and, although he was not able to make much of a payment down, yet the place had been in the market so long that his offer was accepted. The work of transformation of the house occupied three or four months of the most active industry upon the part of the General and his wife. Not having much money to do it with, they were obliged to exhaust every source of economical device and ingenuity. A long story of the furnishing of this house could be given. The limits of this article will not permit of going into details. The house as restored is one of the most roomy and comfortable of the large houses of the town. The outside of the house is brick, trimmed with granite foundations, and with solid granite pillars holding up the long front porch. There are three or four large outbuildings back of the place. The house itself has about twenty rooms. The wing at the left of the house is fitted up as an office. There is a long wide hall in the centre, with a library and dining-room on the left, and large double parlors upon the right. Nearly every article of furniture in the house was bought at a second-hand store by Mrs. Logan, and repaired and restored with the aid of Mr. Zimmerman, who has made a specialty of looking up the old-fashioned furniture of Maryland and Virginia families. Something of an idea of the bargains obtained in rummaging in the small junk-stores of Washington is shown in the fact that the mahogany chairs in the dining-room, which were

relics of the War are every where. Old army blankets, baversacks that show the rough usage of many campaigns, cartridge-boxes with holes shot through them, and a thousand curiosities of the kind.

Everything is turned to account in the way of decorations, and so, at comparatively little expense, Mrs. Logan is enabled to furnish her house as tastefully as the richest.

It is in these little things that the pleasant-faced wife of the General shows how thoroughly she has helped to push him forward socially and politically. The doors leading from the hall to the rooms upon the right and left have portieres of the most brilliantly-colored Navajo blankets.

Over the doors are Indian emblems.

The general interior appearance of the house is one of great comfort, elegance, and great originality of decoration. It is one of the most interesting houses to visit in Washington.

The Drummer's New Game.

A drummer fresh from a Southern trip sat in Solaris the other day, and said:

"Boys, I've struck a new game since I saw you last, and it is going to be popular sure enough. Cards are all right enough in a smoking car with the boys, but what a fellow wants is something that will keep his mind off from the fatigues of traveling, and at the same time

give him some amusement. Well, when we left Atlanta I ran up against another drummer, who knew all about this new game, and we hadn't been at it more than an hour before the whole train of men, women, and children were playing it.

Now the modus operandi was something like this: The game is to count a thousand points.

My friend sat on one side of the car and I on the other.

A boy, dog, cow, sheep, or horse counted 10, a man 15, a woman 20, a girl 25, and a cat 30. A red-headed girl counted 100.

We watched out of the car window until we reached Alexandria, Va.

His score was 875, and I saw that in ten minutes he was likely to make the 1,000. I had 730

and I felt pretty certain that I would

have to pay for that box of cigars.

Well, the train drew into Alexandria and there were three red-headed girls standing on the platform, and I ran the game out on him right there."—*Boston Traveler.*

## Economy.

First pastor—You have a paid choir, I believe.

Second ditto—Yes, and a very good one.

First pastor—I don't believe in them.

It is wrong in principle and is an extravagance a church should not sanction.

Second ditto—that's what I thought,

my dear brother, but it got so in my

church that we were compelled either to

pay the people to stay and listen to a

volunteer choir or pay a choir to sing,

so on the score of economy we concluded to hire a choir instead of a congregation.

*Wishigton Critic.*

## The Power of the Will.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel. "As Hamlet said: 'Give me the man who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart of hearts.' The power of the will when properly directed, is wonderful and beautiful. It uplifts humanity to the level of the gods." —"

"Have you ever had occasion," interposed the major, "to put your mental strength to any severe test, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel. "Two years ago I took the pledge for a week and kept it." —"Y. S. S."

## 2,500 FATAL CASES

OF

## TYPHOID

FEVER

ANNUALLY

IN THIS

COUNTRY.

Dr. J. S. Mitchell, of Chicago, in a clinical lecture at the Cook County Hospital, October 1, 1886, said:

"In typhoid fever, no possible good can result from giving quinine, nor is the fever only affected a temporary reduction of temperature, and after forty-eight hours the fever is usually higher than at first."

KASKINE Destroys the Disease Germs in

FEVERS, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA,

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

LIVER, LUNG AND KIDNEY DISEASE

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 51 East 2d St., N. Y., late Prof. in N. Y. Med. College writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the bearing or circulation."

The U. S. Examining Surgeon, Dr. L. R. White, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

"Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cured."

Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., "Universally successful."

# MASSILLON INDEPENDENT, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

## VERY NEAR PETERSBURG IN 1864.

The First Line of Confederate Works—A Blunder—A Hornet's Nest.

June 15.—Marched to within two and one-half miles of Petersburg, and at 9 p.m. took possession of the outer works, on the north side of the city, from which the enemy was driven by colored troops this morning. We occupy an elevated position, overlooking the entire city.

June 16.—Borne twenty pieces of artillery were sent to me this morning, to be placed in position. Soon after daylight they opened out on the enemy's works in our immediate front. After a few minutes' firing I was ordered to throw out a line of skirmishers, and move toward the city. Our skirmishers moved slowly and cautiously until we reached the enemy's first line of works. Found but few of the enemy, and took them prisoners. They were not of the regular Confederate army, but seemed to be citizens who went out to resist us with all manner of arms—rifle, shot-guns, pistols, etc. They were commanded by officers of the army, however. I took a lieutenant prisoner and sent him to my tent in charge of a soldier, with orders to give him a good breakfast.

I moved the skirmishers forward clear up to the city, and found the streets completely deserted, as it was now and then a person could be seen. I received orders to halt, and about 10 a.m. was ordered to withdraw my skirmishers. I never felt so much like disobeying an order in my life, for I confidently believe I could have gone into Petersburg without the loss of a man. But whether we could have held it or not might have been the question with some. With me and many others, however, there was no question as to the ability of the Second corps to hold it.

All day long, after we had retired, we could see the rebel army coming down on the opposite side of the river by the train load, and marching into the city, filling the fortifications of which I had possession in the morning. There is no question in my mind, but what some one made a fearful blunder in making an effort to take and hold the city.

When our artillery opened fire this morning I asked one of the officers to throw a shell over the city to let them know the Yankees were coming. He did so, and we heard the shell explode on the other side of the city. In five minutes thereafter it seemed as though every church bell in the city had commenced to ring, the inhabitants expecting a bombardment, I presume. But we did not harm the city in the least, as we received orders not to do so.

At 6:30 p.m. we attempted another advance, but the Second corps ran into a veritable hornet's nest of rebels, being repulsed at several different points with great loss. We only gained about seventy-five yards of ground.—Gen. F. W. Butterfield's diary in Kansas City Journal.

## Methods of "Stage Sensationalism."

There is a man in New York who has given this subject of stage sensationalism much thought, and who told me nearly two years ago that he could make any woman who would resign herself into his hands famous in six months. He is a writer of acknowledged power, but rather whimsical and erratic. I was not surprised when I saw him at the theatre one important evening with a girl whom he had pointed out to me when she was among the "walking ladies" of a cheap dramatic company. She was notably dressed. One day I stumbled across an article in a morning paper in which the daily life of an actress was described. A day or two later there appeared an interview with an alleged photographer, in which he rhapsodized about the eyes of actresses, paying a glowing tribute to those of the ex-walking lady. Later on her face appeared on a soap box label. One day her dog went astray, and one of the accounts of the event was so brightly written that it was copied everywhere. The girl's name became familiar to newspaper readers, though they had never seen her. One day the papers were full of a most ingenious blackmailing scheme, of which she was the victim; perhaps heroine would be the better word. A few nights later I met the eccentric author of all the fuss.

"Well," I said, "you've made a hit thus far." "It is the end," he said, with a grin. "I've proved what so many of you doubted, and I'm content, or, at least, almost content, for I'd have liked to have pushed it a little further. But this morning she took the bit in her teeth and went ahead alone. She goes out playing the lead in a traveling combination. It was a great lift for her. She thinks she did it all herself."

I write of it freely, for it was an experiment which the author always insisted was above board and a legitimate subject for comment.

"So you have your trouble for your pains?" I said.

"Well," he replied, with a speculative look, "I'm not sure but I shall elaborate the story I've kept through it all into a book. Its effect on her bump of self-esteem would make a curious study."—Blakely Hall's New York Letter.

## MILITARY HORSE PLAY ABROAD.

The Outrage Upon the Durban Archdeacon of the Church of England.

When an officer wants to get up some excitement why can't he follow in the footsteps of that madcap captain of the Thirteenth Hussars. He smashed a few things while he was in Maritzburg, and all out of pure devilment, too. I don't think the story of the outrage on the Durban archdeacon of the Church of England has ever been fully described.

It was too rich to be forgotten. The archdeacon, you see, had journeyed up to the city to have a hand in that perplexing bishop business, and put up at the club.

As usual after dinner the captain made a reconnaissance, and on peeping into the reading room he beheld a peculiar looking man of the church, wearing what is commonly known as a "tide," occupied intently in reading a newspaper. A grin overspread the face of the captain, and then he prepared for action. Grasping his walking stick firmly, he with pantomimic carefulness crept toward the archdeacon, whose breath was nearly taken away by a voice yelling into his ear, "For God's sake, sir, let me smash that hat!" Quick as thought the startled archdeacon dropped his paper, snatched his "tide" off his head, and, placing it carefully under his arm out of the reach of the intruder, gazed fearfully at him, dumb with mixed surprise, anger, and, the captain afterward declared, fear. Having at last found voice to rebuke the unruly disturber of his peace—who laughed at him all the time—he went to the corner of the fireplace—it was winter—and sat down there.

The captain had not finished. He simply ran to the dining room and called to his devil-may-care friends to "come and see a person with a regular bell-topper." Immediately, as if by common consent, the fruit and the nuts were cleared off the table, and the practical jokers, ranged in line at the dining room door, delivered a volley at the unfortunate "tide," which was, of course, knocked into the fireplace and so damaged that it never went on the head of the archdeacon again. One would have thought that the joke would have ended here. Not so. The funny gentlemen, having seen the effects of their shots, seized the reverend visitor and carried him round and round the room until they had had enough of it. They then suddenly dropped him on the floor, where they left him sore, but in peace, and considerably shocked and out of temper. That same evening the reverend visitor ordered his portmanteau to be taken to the C—s, and the club saw him no more.—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

## Humor Among the Jews.

The humorous point of view from which we survey one another qua Jews, and that from which we survey our neighbors qua Gentiles, are of course, among the more local and characteristic features of the subject. It would be important to dilate in this journal on what every Jew realizes so thoroughly; if he does not, no amount of explanation will help him. To make the comic character of a play or novel a Jew is a sufficiently common device; as unsuccessful, it must be added, as it is common. Perhaps these Merry Andrews of fiction have their uses, and serve to rouse the laughter of the Gentile public; perhaps we have a comic side which we ourselves are incapable of perceiving, and yet we are by no means sparing of one another in this respect.

As far as we can judge we should say that only a Jew perceives to the full humor of another; but it is a humor so fine, so peculiar, so distinct in flavor, that we believe it impossible to impart its perception to any one not born a Jew. In these days, indeed, stocking bonds, of growing carelessness as to long-cherished traditions, when the older order is changing and giving place to new, with startling rapidity, it is, perhaps, our sense of humor as much as anything else which keeps alive the family feeling of the Jewish race.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

## Discharge of a Thunder Cloud.

The 27th of July last a party of engineers and workmen had an excellent opportunity of observing the way in which thunder cloud discharges its electricity. They had just commenced the fitting of a lightning conductor at the shelter hut on the Mythen, in Schwyz. A heavy storm was seen approaching from three different points, and they took refuge in the hut. Through a hole in the wall they could see the conductor. From time to time small bluish flames appeared hovering on it, then the lightning flash would be seen descending along the conductor into the earth, followed almost instantaneously by the thunder crash. More than twenty times they watched the phenomena regularly succeeding each other, then there was an electrical discharge of such violence that there seemed to be a recoil, and two of the party felt the shock from below up to the hips and one fancied that both his legs were shot off. The party were so terrified that they quitted the hut and descended the mountain amid blinding snow, as thick as it were the middle of winter, varied by thunder and lightning.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## The Secret of Scarlet Fever.

Certain English physicians have made a most important discovery. They have found that the scarlet fever poison really comes from diseased cows. The contagion is not necessarily in the milk. Indeed a cow pregnant with the fever may give wholesome milk; but there is always danger in milking the cow, the matter from the sores on theudder may find its way into the milk pail.

Then comes the rapid multiplication of the scarlet fever germs, which technically are known as "streptococci." These germs have been transmitted to calves and other animals, which have therewith shown the symptoms of scarlet fever. This disease is so deadly an enemy of the human race that now we have discovered its origin every effort will be made to put an end to its depredations. The cow is of the greatest benefit to the human race, but the milk it furnishes sometimes communicates the infection of typhus as well as scarlet fevers.—*Denver's Monthly.*

## The Craze for Stamp Collecting.

As nearly as can be ascertained, twenty-five years have elapsed since the first modest beginnings of the universal craze for collecting canceled postage stamps. How large the business of dealers in this article has grown is evident from the fact that a single house in Nuremberg disposed last year of 23,000,000 stamps.—*The Argonaut.*

## Peril From Lightning.

Dr Andries estimates that the peril from lightning is now from three to five fold greater than it was fifty years ago, owing to the vastly increased electrical intensity induced by the charging of the atmosphere with steam and smoke at all centers of population.—*New York Sun.*

## Peat Bog in Dakota.

A 100-acre peat bog has been discovered near Ellendale, D. T. The peat reaches to a depth of from seven to ten feet, and is said to overlay a surface of ice.—*New York Sun.*

## Trip Round the World.

Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist, has at last struck a good road, in his trip round the world. At Lahore, where he was at last accounted, begins the greatest macadamized road in the world. It is 1,800 miles long, and Stevens will use 1,250 miles of it.—*New York World.*

## AGRICULTURAL

Mr. Fuller, of St. Lambert's, Can., owns a Jersey cow, Mary Ann, for which he has refused twenty-six thousand dollars.

Congress has been asked to establish an experimental farm in every State and Territory, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars each.

An authority on celery growing says that blight is not likely to make its appearance in a very wet season unless on springy, poorly drained ground.

Mr. Bradley, in his "Treatise on Agriculture," states that two sparrows, during the time they were feeding their young, carried in one week 336 caterpillars from a cabbage garden to their nest.

There are in America over four million farms, large and small. They cover nearly three hundred million acres of improved land, and their total value is something like ten thousand million dollars.

It might be a severe measure, and we hesitate to recommend it, that of stamping out the "Bureau of Animal Industry" and a few noted crank veterinarian, but it would most effectively relieve us from the majority of pleuro-pneumonia scares which so frequently spread over the country.—*Examiner.*

By pouring a cupful of ice-cold water into the warm new milk it will cause the milk to cool suddenly and every particle of the cream will come to the surface, leaving only the blue milk beneath. The success of the creamery system is in the sudden cooling which new milk undergoes, surrounded, as the creameries are, by ice.

Not the least of the enemies of our young orchard trees is the rabbit. He will not injure the trees in summer, when he has an abundance of succulent food, but in winter the tender bark is to him a delicacy that he will partake of if it is not made distasteful to him or he is not frightened away. To frighten him from the tree is not easy. We have tried effectually the plan of tying white cloths around the tree, and found to our sorrow that the rabbit soon ceases to fear it. Making the snow into a solid mound about the tree will keep away mice, but not rabbits, though it is often said it will. The rabbits will mount the mound and nibble away. Besides we don't have snow half the winter. The best way is to make the bark distasteful to him. He likes neither blood or grease, nor the odor of flesh. Hence, when you butcher, take the waste parts of the animals, and with these parts rub the trunks as far up as the rabbits can reach, and they will never be nibbled while the grease or blood remains.

At an informal meeting of representative sportsmen of Ohio, held at the Neil House, on Tuesday evening, November 8, it was resolved that a State Convention of Sportsmen be called for January 12, 1887, for the purpose of forming a State Association for the better protection of fish and game, and for still further perfecting of the laws. All shooting, and fishing clubs, either individually or collectively, and all lovers of the sport are earnestly and cordially invited to be present. The convention will be held at the city hall, in Columbus, and will be called to order at 8 p.m. Reduced railroad and hotel rates will be obtained.

## Only Way to Conquer Dyspepsia.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepto and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting upon the food itself. They will not. Nor is this thus to overcome dyspepsia, the only way to conquer that disorder and prevent the numerous diseases and difficulties which it necessarily involves, is to strengthen the digestive action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most invertebrate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and these which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys, the nerves, muscles, than glands, all receive the tonic action of that standard tonic, which possesses allotropic properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

## The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of ten years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, O., affirms: "The best medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store.

## Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of Discovery, he was well and gained weight.

Again, sometimes bloody milk comes from weakness of the mammary glands, and when thus caused it generally happens soon after parturition, or in the flush of the milking season, when the glands are most severely taxed.

The vascular structure of the udder and the blood vessels passing through it are so intimately connected that when the tissues of the udder are much relaxed by debility the blood itself, instead of only certain of its constituents, exudes through the capillaries and passes direct into the milk vessels and mingles with the milk and comes out with it through the teats.

When thus caused blood generally comes from all teats. In such cases tonics and gentle stimulants are indicated. Gentian or ginger may be given internally in two-ounce doses, and the whole bag often bathed in cool water containing some moderate stimulant, as ginger, mustard, or pepper, and something aromatic or tonic, as wormwood.

The food should be strengthening, but for a time rather moderate. It is better to repress the milk flow than to stimulate it, and to this end it is well to leave back a part of the milk at each milking till the flow is perceptibly diminished. The aim should be to strengthen the cow and her udder, and to avoid weakening either by overworking.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**A Novel Feature in Investments.**  
The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and unimpaired?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has herefore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranch and cattle business of this great country. Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at \$90, cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates becomes entitled to a \$100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining \$50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, 1%, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and the money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—*The N. Y. Financier.*

## Out and About.

Elyria has four hundred workingmen.

The New Philadelphia Iron and Steel Company has no intention of moving its mill.

The Jefferson says: Findlay can boast of having more plate glass windows than any city of its size in Ohio.

Columbus, Mahoning and Stark counties east considerably over one-third of the Greenback vote of the State, says the Alliance Leader.

The probabilities, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, are that the C. & C. Railroad shops will be moved from Canton to Cleveland. The reason is that materials can be purchased more cheaply in Cleveland.

At an informal meeting of representative sportsmen of Ohio, held at the Neil House, on Tuesday evening, November 8, it was resolved that a State Convention of Sportsmen be called for January 12, 1887, for the purpose of forming a State Association for the better protection of fish and game, and for still further perfecting of the laws. All shooting, and fishing clubs, either individually or collectively, and all lovers of the sport are earnestly and cordially invited to be present. The convention will be held at the city hall, in Columbus, and will be called to order at 8 p.m. Reduced railroad and hotel rates will be obtained.

## TAKE THE

**Mt. Vernon & Pan Handle Route**

**The Great Thru Line via**

**The C. A. & C. RAILWAY**

**P. C. & St. L. and C. St. L. & P. Railroads for all Points South & Southwest.**

The only line running the celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room Cars Between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars on the Fast Express at 3:35 p.m. daily, arriving at 10:15 p.m. from Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Kansas City 7:30 a.m.

**Massillon Independent.**  
[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]  
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
One Year..... \$1.50  
Six Months..... 1.00  
Three Months..... .50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

The current of popular feeling seems to be very decidedly in favor of a public library.

The miners of the Mahoning valley are disgusted with President McBride, for the reason that he had not the courage to stay and see their controversy with the operators settled.

The people of this city will not object to any one bringing natural gas to this city, if anyone wishes to do so. But our own gas, from our own wells, and owned by our own people is preferable if we can get it. The trial is worth making.

In the annual report just submitted to the Governor, Henry Aphor, Commissioner of Railroads says that he will urge favorable legislation in the proposition that "the power now held by municipal corporations to compel railroad companies to light street crossings shall be withdrawn." So far as Massillon is concerned that power might just as well be withdrawn.

The city council will meet next Wednesday night for the first time in four weeks. These long adjournments make routine business consume the evening when that body does meet, and the discussion of serious matters is impossible. With the waterworks soon to be completed, the streets to be repaired, and the Dow law tax to be disposed of, there is surely something to do besides paying salaries.

**LET THE CHURCH BELLS RING.**  
The plain, every-day American sled and a solid and steep Ohio hill is a combination good enough for any boy, without importing the Canadian toboggan and an artificial slide. In Canada, where the winter lasts for months, and a thick crust forms on the snow, a sled would break through, and consequently the toboggan is used. But in Ohio the thick crust never forms, and it is self-evident that two runners will go down a snow-packed hill faster than a flat board.

The sensitive Senator O'Neill, once president *pro tempore* of the State Senate, by virtue of the votes of the four Hamilton county frauds, who had the audacity to appear at one time, announced from the Kentucky shore that his feelings had been crushed by the selection of another, Senator Conrad, as president, and that he would never return to the Capitol. But notwithstanding the Senator's statement, a glance at the names of those present when the General Assembly met on Tuesday, shows that the brave O'Neill is again at the post of duty.

A suit has been instituted in the Supreme Court of Ohio against the Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore railroad, alleging discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil Company. It is the old story retold. George Rice, a man with plenty of capital to carry on the business, is refused tank cars, and charged exorbitant rates for the carrying of barrel packages, while the Standard Oil Company is supplied with all the cars it needs of the proper kind, and is given a rate far below what is charged other producers. It remains to be seen whether or not the Supreme Court will permit the Standard Oil Company to dictate to its competitors what freight rate to pay.

Joseph Medill was a Massillon boy, brought up in our midst, and honored by many friends who believe him not only to be an able but a true man. By hard work, and without capital, he has become the head and front of one of the greatest of the great western newspapers, the Chicago Tribune. To elect him to fill the office of the late Senator Logan would be a credit to the State of Illinois, and if relative ability governs the catesus Illinois will do it. Joseph Medill is a man

peculiarly fitted to succeed to Logan in every respect. Massillon is proud of him, and is glad to say that here the talents and instincts which have made him a conspicuous figure were conceived and developed.

In the news columns will be found an article devoted to the Massillon police force and its merits. It is not argued that it is a perfect organization, but it is certainly a good one, well equipped and very decidedly better than that of any town of twelve thousand in Ohio. The terms of the five officers to be nominated by the mayor, and confirmed by the council expire soon, and the present incumbents ought to be reappointed. They work well together, and to remove one and put in a new man or two will weaken a body which time and experience has rendered efficient. The mayor has promised to do his part by nominating the present men, and the council will do well to confirm each one. The sentiment of the people generally will sustain such action, when they understand the whole situation.

Communications upon live topics are always welcome at newspaper offices, but there is almost always one annoying feature about them which ought not to be the rule. The people who, in their language, or even in their letters, are the most careful in the world, and who attribute every typographical error to the ignorance of the author, will, in their articles cut short their sentences, run in a dash between them rather than polish them up, abbreviate everything, and, in fact, violate every requirement of a finished paragraph. If printed as written their feelings would be crushed, but they are willing that some one else should go all over their manuscript and patch up their crooked work. This carelessness is not usually found in letters of any length, but is principally confined to notices, and small matters, not sent in as communications but as items of news.

**THE CHURCH BELLS RING.**  
The man who would do away with the ringing of church bells, surely has none of the higher and purer feelings of his kind. He would see the theatres open, the store shutters down, and Sunday turned into a day of carnival. There are thousand noises more disagreeable, the discontinuance of which could work far greater results than the destruction of the church bells. The community, except that part of it which goes to church, is not very seriously disturbed by the mellow tones of the church bell. It is the experience of hotels and uneasy fathers, that the degenerate and dissipated of our race who sleep until the noon hour, are rarely disturbed by thumpings and poundings of a serious nature, and how much less are they liable to have their slumber disturbed by the innocent ringing of a bell. No, it cannot be that this innovation is desired because it is a crying need: it cannot be that those outside the threshold of the church are so intolerant as to demand it, and therefore it must be that this agitation comes only from those who try for a change, only for a change's sake. It may be that the day of usefulness of this custom has gone by, and it may be that it is only sentiment. Well, let them call it sentiment; but it is only what we need. There is too much of the real and the practical in this life, and if we can have something to lift us out of ourselves we should be thankful and rejoice for it.

**Bell Upon Bell.**  
Robert Bell, Assistant Mine Inspector does not beat about the bush in announcing himself as a candidate for re-appointment. He says his term expires on May 1, 1887. He thinks he has given entire satisfaction both to miners and operators, and that the enthusiastic voice of four out of the five thousand voices of the miners of this district will demand his re-appointment. He confesses that the sentiment at Chapman is not in his favor, and the inferred explanation is known. "A prophet is not without honor in his own country." This seems to be peculiarly true in Mr. Bell's case. The announcement that he is a candidate is not considered a "scoop" by the INDEPENDENT.

Curious advertisers will be fully satisfied concerning the circulation of this paper. Its circulation has been steadily increasing, and its advertising patronage becoming more profitable. There are no premiums or combination offers open, but as a newspaper, furnishing all the news and much other matter of a valuable nature, all being from original sources, the people are giving it general support. Now is the time to subscribe. Fifty more papers were printed last week than ever before.

#### SCHOOL REPORT

For the Term Ending Dec. 24, 1886.

The following report shows the enrollment, attendance, etc., of pupils in the Massillon union school for the term ending Dec. 24th, 1886.

Entire enrollment ..... 1541

Actual number belonging to school ..... 1497

Average daily attendance ..... 1265

Percent of attendances ..... 93

Number present every half day ..... 257

Number present every half day ..... 248

Number of cases of tardiness ..... 356

Number of pupils in German ..... 90

The enrollment was distributed among the several departments as follows:

High School, 83; Grammar grades, 339;

Secondary, 332; Primary, 784.

Number of teachers, including the teacher of German and the superintendent, 30.

Of the 356 cases of tardiness, 35 were in the High School, 17 in the Grammar grades, 55 in the Secondary and 249 in Primary grades.

The following pupils were present and punctual every half day: High School—Edith Alden, Jessie McIsaac, Carrie Millard, Anna Smith, Carrie Brencamp, Flora Fetzer, Laura Laviers, Ella Wagner, Hattie Alexander, Dora Buehl, Clara Burton, Mary Ellis, Carrie Gise, Lilian Hamill, Maretta Hardgrove, Nellie Kaley, Charles Crane, Charles Gise, Theodore Focke, Edwin Bayliss, Joseph Elsass, William Hemperly, Edwin Lee, William Lipp, David McConney, Orlando Volkmore, Willard Bayliss, Leroy Creighton, Charles Ertle, Rush Miller, Theodore Ricks, Harry Snyder.

Grammar—Mannie Lyon, Ruth Dangier, Nellie Walker, Nellie Williams, Charles Limback, Frank Smith, Edward Roseman, Harry Pocock, Charles Mong, Francis Lenz, John Jacoby, George Boerngen, Jerome Shepley, Gustavus Focke, George Swan, Melville Everhard, Elmer Volkmore, Vernon Pancoast, Lillian Bayliss, Ida Royer, Walter Allman, Richard Crawford, Albert Crane, Albert Shadnagle, Louisa Gleitsman, Nellie Shearer, Ella Yost, Millie List, Della Ryder, Harry West, Frank Gise, William McCollum, Harry Diehle, John Crawford, Elmer Gleitsman, Frank Boerngen, Prescott Burton, Louisa Kister, Mattie Strobel, Mattie Hankins, Emma Redman, Lizzie Biddle, Carrie Crooks, Edith Humberger, Valora Hawkins, Godfrey Geisen, Lee Graybill, Mary Reay Milo Alden, George Herring, John Mansz, Edwin Mansz, Frank Wendling, Kate Ellis, Stella Hartman, Anna Meek, Lizzie Overton, Jennie Reay, Sophia Barrar, Jennie James, Flora Borrey, Frankie Clay, Minnie Corey.

Secondary—Alfred Hankins, Edmund Hankins, Harry Loew, Harry Haring, George Lyon, Harvey Miller, Milton Porter, Otto Snyder, Charles Stevens, Olive Blocker, Sophia Crookston, Ella Jones, Mannie Strong, Robert Gise, Charles Stelling, Edward White, Anna Hess, Mary Rink, Helen Smith, Peter Buchecker, Charles Capion, Lyndon Garigues, Edward Hanenstein, Bessie Allman, Tyron Myers, Frank Webb, Charles Nill, Walter Snyder, Lillie Lutz, Clara Miller, Edith Pille, Jennie Stadmen, Walter Strobel, Charles Griswold, Florence Radston, Clara Morris, Victoria Aiden, Lizzie Austin, Alice Bromfield, Mainie Geitz, Ella Wetter, John Goehler, Charles Corey, James Corey, Joseph Jacobs, Joseph Jones, Clarence Strobel, John Tipping, Matilda Berard, Ida Filberth, Emma Henderson, Minnie Happoldt, Lizzie Reed, Lydia Sonnenwald, Rose Borden, Melina Feicht, Jennie McAllum, Anna Strobel, Irene Seeley, Wilbur Farber, Charles Len, George Pfing, Frank Rutter, Perles Snively.

Primary—Edith Geis, Dora Hess, Ida White, Lillie Wagner, Albert Boerngen, Mary Shearer, Lyndon Howell, Charles Rink, Norman Snyder, Fred Justus, Olive Snyder, Clarence Snyder, Walter Grosswiller, Jessie Critchfield, Edward Geis, Jacob Stock, Willie Mayer, Lillie White, Florence Dangler, Harry Foltz, George Giltz, Clarence Hinderer, Charles Klotz, Orra List, Albert Loew, Arthur Sauer, Harry Yost, Grace Dobson, Mary Haring, Daisy Keller, Hattie Lutz, Grace Shoemaker, Zoa Wiseman, Henry James, George Moon, Charles Moore, Louis Corey, Frank Kuhn, Harry Strobel, Philip Baldauf, Daisy Raftson, Grace Brown, Minnie Crane, Edith Schaeffer, Clara Spangler, Stella Strobel, Harry Griswold, Arvine Mader, Nell McConnell, Arvine Lipp, Lottie Kay, John Crookston, Minnie Felix, Ruth Jones, Edith Reay, Esther Woodford, Harry Limback, Mary Woodford, Clarence Rodenberger, Clara Althoff, Minnie Berg, Laura Yohey, Fred Lieberg, Thomas Poe, William Morris, Frank Leifer, Andrew Krennerick, Willie Yohey, Minnie Porter, Emilia Feicht, Clara Pfing, Lillie Norton, Clay Taylor, Charles Stark, Mont Rotter, George Meng, Roger Taylor, Ernest McAlleau, Ida Everett, Emma Rhine.

E. A. JONES, Sup't.

#### Health Bulletin.

Report to the Ohio State Board of Health from 64 observers, embracing 41 counties, show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending Friday noon, December 31, 1886. Last two columns of figures are for previous week based on report of 54 observers:

FORM OF DISEASE (In the order of prevalence.)	No. who reported	No. of cases reported	No. of Cases reported	
			No. who reported	No. of cases reported
Bronchitis, acute.....	39	173	34	120
Pneumonia.....	32	61	21	38
Malarial fevers.....	19	28	19	29
Diphtheric diseases.....	15	28	12	23
Tonsillitis.....	14	28	11	20
Measles.....	12	47	17	51
Pleurisy.....	11	11	11	14
Consumption.....	11	11	7	12
Typhoid fever.....	11	14	14	27
Croup.....	11	12	6	12
Scarlet fever.....	8	20	5	31
Measles.....	7	16	7	254
Whooping cough.....	2	1	8	37
Crustose meningitis.....	—	—	—	—

Acute bronchitis still prevails. Compared with the previous week pneumonia, bronchitis and croup increased while malarial fevers, diphtheria, pleurisy, consumption and measles decreased in area of prevalence. Thirteen cases of diphtheria and 23 cases of measles in Cleveland. Eight cases of diphtheria in Columbus. Cincinnati not reported.

C. O. Prouse, Secretary.

This paper may be subscribed for or old subscriptions renewed at J. V. R. Skinner's book store, 10 East Main street.

# The Great Closing Out Sale

Continues at Watkins'. Further reductions have been made, as the entire stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes

Must be Sold Regardless of Cost or Value.

Remember this is a bona-fide closing out sale. Every article must be disposed of, and money can be saved by attending this sale.

**Cloaks at 50c on the dollar; domestics at less than New York prices; dress goods, silks and velvets below cost; hosiery, underwear, corsets, gloves and notions at a sacrifice; grand bargains in boots and shoes. If you want to save money buy your dry goods, boots and shoes at**

**A. L. WATKINS & CO'S,**  
No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

#### Imitative Sympathy in Politics.

A clearer illustration is shown by the waxing fervor of an ordinary political campaign. Before conventions meet and candidates are named the feeling of a party is neutral and listless, except with a comparatively few individuals. A while after the dry bones begin to stir. The noise of orators, the moving processions, the boom of guns, all the usual modes of political managers, gradually warm up the masses, until men neglect business to attend the meetings, and shout狂atically for their party and candidates, until the election is over, and long sighs of relief indicate the return of sanity.

What is all this but the same tendency, harmlessly directed, that leads to the imitative crimes of mobs, or the imitative quality of the Millerite or Flagellant? It is identical with the leaping, dancing processions of the middle ages: for, as politicians lead, so their followers dance and leap along: unhappily, not always in as straight a line as their antetypes.

Principles are not to be undervalued in politics; the point is, that few appreciate them. Emotion, rather than analytical discernment, is often the moving power.—A. A. Sargent in Overland Monthly.

#### A Ministry of Health.

The London Lancet contends that there ought to be a department of health in the government of Great Britain, and that a minister of health should have a seat in the cabinet. Public medicine is preventive, and as such it can only be effective when it forms an integral part of state policy. Surely, health is not secondary to wealth; and if trade needs to be specially controlled in the interests of the state, health promotion has a not less urgent claim to be considered a constituent part of policy. The question has been reopened, and is being agitated by Mr. Hamer, a practical worker in the field of health promotion. There are urgent matters of sanitary enterprise which call loudly for help from the government, and which it is not only inexpedient but a cause of weakness to neglect. The prime minister who shall perceive the need and take measures to satisfy it will deserve well of his generation and serve his country.—Scientific American.

#### Words of a Sympathetic Student.

The Buffalo Courier doesn't think medical students intend to become hardened, but submits these few remarks on one of them to show that they do: "Say, can you get me in to witness the hanging of the murderer they arrested yesterday? I must be there. I don't care anything about the show, but I must see how a man works when he's strung up. I've been on the head for two months and I've got to put in more time yet. Head's a big study, you know it. Heads are mighty scarce up at our college. They put five men on a staff, and we have to flip cents to see who gets the head. Next head I get I'm going to take home with me. I had one while ago, and some 'bloke' collar'd it. I think he had Otto's body up there, but I never got a chance to see for sure. I know a day or two after the hanging we had a brand new one."—Exchange.

#### A Christmas Greeting.

The unique individual, Chance R. Locke, "O'Rex Trampo," whose effusions from behind the bars of the city jail proved so interesting last summer, sends the following characteristic communication:

ALTOONA, December 21, 1886.

EDITORS:

I greet thee from afar,  
With tokens of benediction;  
May thy Xmas and New Year  
Find the free from all affliction.

Neath the mistletoe and ivy  
May thy merry laughter pierce,  
Cares forgot amidst the merriment  
Sounds of thy Xmas bell.

Yours once found Waif,  
CHANCE R. LOCKE,  
Better known as O'REX TRAMPO, T. P.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Z. T. Baltzly, Agent.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

**Discover'd this Week by Independent Investigators.**

Russell & Company's election was held on Monday. No changes in the directory were made.

M. A. Schweeters has commenced the manufacture of several excellent proprietary medicines.

George Young, a Wheeling & Lake Erie brakeman, was killed by a train on last Friday at Fremont.

There are but two coal mines in this district of Ohio in which dangerous gases have to be controlled.

The public is more than satisfied with the Wheeling & Lake Erie arrangements for getting to Akron and return.

A series of meetings is in progress at the Christian church. The pastor is assisted by C. J. Tannar, of Granger, O.

Frank H. Kohl, dealer in works of art, made an assignment last week. The assets are \$700 and the liabilities about the same.

The Rev. Hiram Miller, a former pastor of the First Methodist church, will preach in this city until notice to the contrary is given.

Andrew Combs, a conductor on the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway, had his thumb taken off while coupling cars at the Valley Junction on last Thursday.

The Massillon cemetery ought to be given a name. It should have one euphonious, appropriate and befitting the spot, which each year grows more beautiful.

Mr. John Jacobs was thrown from his sleigh on Monday while driving in the country and had his shoulder dislocated. He suffered a great deal of pain at first, but is now getting along nicely.

The Massillon Wheel Club has opened its new quarters in the Warwick block, and they are so cosy and pretty as to make almost everyone wish to become a member of that progressive organization.

Some poor tramp slipped through the Tremont street railroad bridge on Saturday night, and fell to the street below. No bones were broken, but it is unnecessary to add that he was considerably shaken.

Mrs. Marian Holdridge, formerly of this city, but late of Topeka, Kan., died at her home, and the body was brought to this city for burial. The funeral took place on Monday from the residence of Mrs. Kent Jarvis.

The Episcopal diocese society is announced to be held at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Peacock, Mrs. Focke having been called from the city by the illness of a relative. Everybody's presence is desired, as the annual election will take place.

Mr. Patrick Burke, the veracious Hibernian, has leased some three hundred acres of what he considers valuable coal land to Jerome Zerbe, of Cleveland. The land adjoins that under which the Beaver Run mine is located, and is close to Naverre.

Messrs. Bowman and Ubendorff are drilling for coal on land southeast of the city. The prospects for success are very good indeed, and should all the anticipations be realized, a new field will be opened which will increase the importance of the Massillon district.

There was magnificent coasting down the middle of Main street hill for a short time Friday morning. The sleds would start in front of the residence of the Hon. J. G. Warwick, and like lightning fly down the hill, never stopping until the canal bridge was reached. A toboggan slide would be a pugnacious affair compared with the Main street hill.

At the residence of Mr. H. F. Oehler, on New Year's eve, the anniversary of the battle of Stone River was celebrated by the surviving members of the Thirteenth Ohio and their families. About thirty persons were present, the veterans nearly all having been members of Company A. A good time, such as only the boys of Company A know how to have was enjoyed.

Although there are the best prospects in the world for the success of the public library scheme, there is really nothing of interest to print concerning it. The charter is ready and all that is required is that it be sent to the Secretary of State, who will return a certified copy. Then a meeting of the incorporators will be held to organize and open books for subscriptions to capital stock. This will soon all be done and the members of the soliciting committee will be notified.

There is one thing Massillon boasts of and that is of having the very best livery stables in Ohio. It is the popular thing to ridicule livery horses as miserable hacks, but it will not do in this city as the stock and the carriages are almost invariably finer than the average private outfit. Mr. Charles Young, the liveryman, keeps some of the best animals in Stark county and has recently added a beautiful team of blacks which attract attention wherever seen.

The popular opposition to the Reagan inter-state commerce bill can be understood by glancing over an almost complete list of names attached to a paper addressed to Senator Payne, requesting him to oppose its passage. The protest was circulated only a few hours on last Friday, and the following persons and companies signed it: Russell & Company, Massillon Bridge Company, Jos. Corns & Son, Massillon Hollow Ware Glass

Company, Wetherald & Wells, M. A. Brown & Son, Hess, Snyder & Company, S. Hunt, Elm Run Coal Company, Howells Coal Company, Sippo Coal Company, John Paul Company, Rock Hill Coal Company, John G. Warwick, Beaver Run Coal Company, Sippo Valley Mills, A. J. Humberger & Son, Wm. F. Ricks, S. A. Conrad & Co., and Hookway & Foltz.

Mr. John Allen tells a touching tale of a fair octoroon and mulatto, Iona Clemens and Charles Little met, loved, and wished to wed. But Iona's mother decreed that it should not be. Then Charles arranged with a friend, who prepared a feast and invited guests to his Pittsburg home to witness the proposed ceremony. Mrs. Clemens, however, got wind of the scheme and was on hand at the court house when the two applied for a license. Mrs. Clemens had the law on her side, and the license was not granted. The guests wondered and waited at this Ginevra-like disappearance, and finally dispersed. But Iona and Charles were persistent. They took the first express to Massillon, hurriedly got out a license, and with Mr. John Allen, the venerable barber, as best man, were married on Monday, and are at last happy.

## PERSONALITIES.

**The Matters that Agitate the Society World.**

Mr. E. F. Bahney has returned from Lincoln City, Neb., where he has been for nearly a year.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds, assisted by Misses Mary Hunt and Laura Russell, received calls in Canton on New Year's day.

A series of three dances, to be given at the Hotel Conrad, is proposed and will probably be given between this and Lent.

Mr. C. Delafield on his last visit to this city became quite ill, and was taken to New York on Tuesday by his son, C. E. Delafield.

Miss Lula Willenborg, of Massillon, is visiting at the residence of Mrs. Charlotte Businger, on West Fourth street.—*Canton Democrat.*

The students of the various schools and colleges have about all deserted the city and are supposed to be deeply engrossed in their regular duties again.

## NATURAL GAS.

**ANOTHER WELL IS A CERTAINTY.**

**That Canton Pipe Line—What Has Been Done in this City.**

The project of boring again for natural gas in Massillon which has received considerable attention in these columns within the last few weeks has at last taken tangible shape, and upon the best authority in the world it may be said that there is no doubt but that the well will be drilled.

Mr. David Reed, of the Massillon Glass Company, is at present conducting the correspondence for the manufacturers who are especially interested, and expects soon to receive propositions from expert drillers. The money, he says, is practically raised and the only subjects under discussion are the contract with the driller and the place which ought to be drilled.

In addition to this enterprise which appears to be settled, another has been agitated and was given to the public through Canton correspondence to the press.

This letter states that a company of

## MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

The Amherst Glee Club has come and gone. Fourteen jolly looking fellows, arrayed in the conventional dress suit, stood on the Opera House stage on Tuesday night, and for two hours acted for Massillon just as they would act at Amherst. And that was all their hearers wanted. There was melody and mirth, just enough of both. The fact that they were genuine young men, and only out for a good time, lent interest to their performance. Their concert was good but not quite so good as the one given two years ago.

It was a large audience that gathered to hear the famous General Lew Wallace deliver the third lecture of the U. C. D. course, upon "Turkey and the Turks," on Wednesday night. It was a lecture full of interest for everybody, in which the dry bones of fact were surrounded by witty descriptions and wise comments, so that everybody was in a pleasant frame of mind, and went home with a better opinion of the Turks, and a more accurate idea of Turkey than when they came. Judge Tourgee will deliver the next lecture.

THE MC CALL OPERA COMPANY.

The name of John A. McCall has never been associated with any theatrical enterprise but those of the highest order. A fortune has followed his reputation and the most elaborate financial backing make it possible for him to produce the most elaborate opera with the utmost accuracy of detail. The people of Massillon will be treated to one of these superb entertainments Saturday, January 29, when the McCall Opera Company will appear in "The Black Hussar," the most popular of Millock's operas. With all the accessories as are only seen in metropolis in theatres, with a company of about sixty people and a magnificent orchestra of fifteen. The manager has not ventured a personal guarantee of the excellence of any companies appearing in the opera house except the Strakosch Concert Company, Jas. O'Neill, Mine, Rive-King and Robert Downing. They have fulfilled all that the most exacting critics could demand. The same guarantee is now made for the McCall Opera Company. Their appearance here should be greeted with an ovation. A sale of choice seats will open at J. V. R. Skinner's book store Monday, Jan. 9th, to continue until Wednesday, the 11th, when the diagram will be sent to surrounding towns. Regular sale will open Monday, Jan. 16. Prices, 35, 50 and 75 cents. A few choice orchestra chairs \$1.00.

## SECRET SOCIETIES.

**Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.**

Perry Lodge, K. of P., installed officers last evening.

Clinton Lodge, F. and A. M., meets next Monday evening.

Mr. H. C. Brown was re-elected representative to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, from District No. 54. This is a very important trust, but Mr. Brown, as in the past, may be relied upon to attend to all the needs of this district.

The following officers were installed in Sippo Lodge No. 48, I. O. O. F., Monday evening: Ellis Roberts, N. G.; John Kay, V. G.; C. E. Higginbotham, Recording Secretary; H. Huber, Permanent Secretary; H. F. Oehler, Treasurer; Thomas Laviers, Warden; John Hahn, Conductor; J. W. Hisey, R. S. N. G.; George Mong, L. S. N. G.; William Crookston, R. S. V. G.; William Shaw, L. S. V. G.; J. Nelson and Edmund Griffith, Scene Supporters; A. A. Hallock, I. G.; George Young, O. G.

The new Odd Fellows' Hall in the Warwick block is at last finished and furnished, and will be used for the first time Friday night. The dedication will take place in a few weeks. When the lease was made Mr. Warwick told them to go ahead and fix up the entire third floor to suit themselves. This generous offer was accepted, and the result is one if not the most complete places of the kind or size in Ohio.

One enters a large vestibule, and facing the north, proceeds through to an anteroom, which opens into the great lodge room. The lodge room is indeed a beauty. The fresco has been before described, and together with the handsome carpet purchased of Mr. W. F. Ricks, tasteful furniture, chandeliers, and the little mysteries which arouse one's curiosity, the effect is very good. Leaving this large room by a southern door, the wardrobe room is entered. Wardrobes of natural finished wood line the walls, and in one corner is a remarkable dark closet, the use of which it is not permitted the INDEPENDENT to tell or know. Again proceeding south, the banquet room, with its smooth polished floor is viewed, and opening to the west is a large kitchen which would provoke unbounded admiration from every housewife.

Every sanitary convenience, water, steam, and gas, have been introduced, and if the members of the order are not satisfied—well, they ought to be.

In Brooklyn the favorite dodge of the beggars is to ask for a penny to get across the bridge with. Few refuse so enticing a request.

Cloaks and shawls at 50c on the dollar at A. L. Watkins & Co.'s.

## IT COSTS NOTHING

To See Our New Stock of

## DIAMONDS

Watches,

Clocks,

Jewelry,

Silverware,

Knives,

Forks,

Musical Inst'mnts,

Strings,

Spoons

Glass Shades,

Opera Glasses,

Telescopes,

Gold Pens,

Gold & Silver Thimbles,

Spectacles of All Kinds.

We have the goods and are going to sell them as low and a little lower than the lowest.

Our stock is complete and new.

## COLEMAN,

## The Reliable Jeweler,

NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

## For the Holidays!

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Has Just Opened his Stock of Holiday Goods.

The books, endless in number, from the ever popular Chatterbox to the elaborate edition-de luxe, are marvels of cheapness, fresh from the publishers, and possess attractions for even the most pronounced book hater. Certainly there is no larger line in Stark county.

The fancy goods are unusually handsome this year, and in the numberless lamps, vases, bronzes, bits of ivory ware, bisque figures, silk umbrellas, rare cards, and novelties of various kinds, every taste can be gratified. Every body is invited to examine the collection before being very much broken.

No. 40 East Main street, Massillon.

## West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'r,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump.

Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery,  
West Main Street.  
City Telephone 28.

City Agent and Collector,  
GEO. W. SCHROCK  
Bank Telephone 60

The teachers and officers of the Industrial School desire to thank the friends who contributed towards the "treat" of candy which the children enjoyed on the Saturday preceding Christmas; also the other friends who sent in clothing, provisions, money and toys for the poor. While our expectations were not realized, we were able to relieve quite a number of cases of want.

M. A. DUNN.

Opera Glasses for Xmas Presents at C. C. Miller's 37 E. Main street.

A nice line of Gold Spectacles for Christmas presents, at Miller's Jewelry Store.

C. C. Miller's Prices on Watches are the lowest in the city and the largest stock in the city to select from.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen.

C. C. Miller, the new Jeweler has all new goods; latest styles, and the lowest prices. Call and see.

Z. T. BALZLY.

W. H. McCALL & CO.,

## DRUGGISTS.

DEALERS IN

Blank Books,

Stationery,

Perfumery,

Toilet Soaps,

AND A COMPLETE LINE OF

Druggists'

[Formerly the St. Cloud Hotel.]

Unsurpassed by any \$2 per day Hotel in Ohio.

Commodious. Complete in its Appointments. Cuisine Unsurpassed.

Neighborhood Patrons at same rates as old St. Cloud.

ED. S. NORTON, - PROPRIETOR.

L. L. SHERTZER,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography.

SOUTH ERIE STREET.

Dress goods, silks, velvets, domestics and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins'.

## Sundries.

No. 9 South Erie St.

## THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,  
Author of "Andersonville," Etc.(Copyrighted by National Tribune Publishing Co.,  
and published by arrangement with them.)

[The name given this story is made glorious  
by the valor and achievements of the  
First division of the Fourteenth Army  
corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson  
acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant  
soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE AMBUSHADE.

The day spent with Aunt Debby had been of the greatest benefit to Harry Glen. Since his parting with Rachel Bond there had been going on in his spirit a fermentation like that with which good wine discharges itself of its grossness and impurities, and becomes clear and fine. In this process had vanished the absorbing selfishness of a much indulged only son, and the unscrupulous egotism which came as an almost necessary result of his college curriculum. This spiritual ripening received its perfecting color and bloom from the serene exaltation of Aunt Debby's soul. So filled was she with lofty devotion to the cause, so complete her faith in its holiness, and so unquestioning her belief that it was every one's simple duty to brave all danger for it, and die if need be without a murmur, that contact with her would have inspired with pure patriotic ardor a nature much less ready for such levelling than Harry's.

As Dr. Denslow had surmised, his faults were mainly superficial, and underneath them was a firm gristle of manhood which would speedily harden into bone. With the experience he had been having, days would mature this as rapidly as ordinary years. He was himself hardly aware of the transformation, but only felt, as his physical exhaustion disappeared, a new eagerness to participate in the great work of the war. He was gratified to know a little later that this was no transient feeling. In the course of the evening Jim Fortner came in, with Kent Edwards and Abe Bolton. After they had all satisfied their hunger Fortner informed Harry and Aunt Debby that the enemy had fallen back to London, from which point he was sending out wagons into the surrounding country to gather up food, forage, arms, clothing, ammunition, etc., with the double object of depriving the Union men of them and adding the same to the Confederate resources. A long train had also been sent out to the Goose creek salt works—twenty-five miles northeast of London—to bring away a lot of salt stored there, of which the Confederates had even more need than of food.

Fortner proposed to go out in the morning and endeavor to cut a turnpike of these wagons. It seemed altogether probable that a few might be caught in such a position that their guards could be killed or driven off. All readily agreed to this plan, Aunt Debby leading off by volunteering to ride ahead on her mule, as a scout.

Harry suddenly remembered that he was weaponless. What shall I do for a gun? he asked, anxiously.

"I doan't done forgot all 'bout gittin' ye a gun," said Fortner with real concern. "My mind was disturbed by other things," he added with a suspicion of a grin at Edwards and Fortner; but they were leaning back in the chair, fast asleep. Apparently, the quiet and a hearty supper together made a comfortable pot to rest.

Fortner rose, spread a few blankets on the floor, added a sack of bran for a pillow, and with some difficulty induced the two sleepers to lie down and take their slumbers in a more natural position.

"I'll find ye a gun," said Aunt Debby, as this operation was finished, and walking to a farther corner of the room, she came back bearing in her hand a rifle very similar to the one Fortner carried.

"Thar," she said, setting the deftly curved brass head down upon the hearth, and holding the muzzle at arm's length while she gazed at the gun with the admiration one cannot help feeling for a magnificent weapon, "is ez true a rifle ez ever a man put to his shoulder. Ef I didn't believe ye're truer than steel ye sholdn't touch him, for he's stronger than the truest man in this livin' world."

"It wuz your husband's," explained Fortner, as her lips met firmly, as if choking down bitter memories.

"I'm givin' hit ter ye ter use ez he'd a used hit of he war a-havin'," she said, steadyng her tones with a perceptible effort. "I'm glad that my hands can put inter yours the means ter avenge him."

Harry tried in vain to make an appropriate response.

"I'll clean hit up, for ye," she said to Harry, as she saw Fortner beginning to furnish up his own rifle for the next day's duties.

That she was no stranger to the work was shown by the skill with which she addressed herself to it. Nothing that a Kentucky mountaineer does has more of the aspect of a labor of love, than his curing for a fine rifle, and any of them would have been put to shame by the deftness of Aunt Debby's supple hands. Removing the leatheren hood which protected the lock, she carefully rubbed off the hammer and the nipple with a wisp of soft fine tow, and picked out the tube with a needle. Wrapping another bit of tow around the end of a wiping stick, she moistened it slightly in her mouth, and carefully swabbed out of the inside of the barrel every suspicion of dust and dirt. Each of the winding rifles was made clean and free along its whole course. Then the tow swab was lightly touched with sweet, unsulphurated goose fat, that it might spread a rust preventing film over the interior surface. She burnished the silver and brass ornaments, and rubbed the polished stock until it shone. When not a suspicion of soil or dirt remained anywhere, the delicate double triggers were examined and set so that they would yield at the stroke of hair; a tuft of lightly oiled tow was placed over the nipple and another closed the muzzle.

"Thar," said Aunt Debby, setting the gun back against the logs, "is a rifle that'll alers do hits dat, ef the man a-holt of hit does his duty. Let's see how the ammunition is."

The powder horn was found to be well filled with powder and the box with caps, but there were only a few bullets.

"I'll run yo some," she said, taking from a shelf a small iron ladle, a few bars of lead, and a pair of bullet molds. "For more'n a hundred years the women uv our family've run all the bullets our men folks shot. They b'lieved hit made 'em lucky. Granfather Fortner killed an Injun chief across the Maumee river at the battle of Fallen Timbers with a bullet that grandmother had run for him an' marks with a little cross. Before the battle began granfather tuck the bullet outen his pouch an' put hit inter his mouth, until he could get a chance ter hit on big game. He brot the chief's scalp hum ter

"I believe the bullets you cast for me will do good service," said Harry, with sincerity in his tones.

"I'm sartin of hit," she returned, confidently. "I hav adopted ye in my heart ez a son, an' I feel toward yo ez ef yo were raylly my own kin. I know ye'll be a credit to us all."

While the lead was melting upon the bed of coals she drew out on the hearth she sat

in her low chair with her hands clasped about her knees and her great gray eyes fixed upon the depths of a mass of glowing embers in the fireplace, as if she saw there vivid pictures of the past or revelations of the future. "How wonderfully bright an' glowin' hit is in thar," she said musingly, "but's purer an' brighter than ev'rything else on arth." Purified ez by fire, the Book says. My God. Thou has sent Thy fires upon me ez a sweepin' flood. Hey they purified me ez Thou wisht! How hit shines an' glows away in thar! Hit seems so deep sometimes that I kin scarcely see the end. A million times purer an' brighter is the light that shines from the throne uv God. They're lookin' at that now, while I still tarry heah. Husband an' son, when will I go to ye? When will I finish the work the Lord heah for me ter do? When will the day uv my freedom come? Maybe to-morrow—maybe to-morrer."

She began singing softly:

An' when a shadow falls across the winder  
Of my room,  
When I am workin' my appinted task,  
I lift my head to watch the door an' ask  
It is come;  
An' the angel answers sweetly  
In my home;  
"Only a few more shadows."  
An' He will come.

"Aunt Debby, honey," said Fortner, rousing himself from a nap in his chair, "that thar lead's burnin'. Better run yer bullet."

She started as if waked from a trance, pressed her slender, thin hands to her eyes for an instant, and then taking the molds up in her left hand she raised the ladle with her right, filled them from it, knocked the molded balls out by a tap on the floor and repeated the process with such dexterous quickness that she had made fifty balls before Harry realized that she was fairly at work.

"Ye men hed better lay down an' git somethin' she said, as she replaced the molds and ladle on the shelf. "Ye'll need all yer strength to-morrer. I'll neck these bullets an' git to gether some vittles fur the trip, an' then I'll lay down a while. We orter start early—soon arter daybreak."

They did start early the next morning, with Aunt Debby riding upon the roads that wound around the mountain sides, while Fortner led the men through the shorter by-paths.

Noon had passed some hours, and yet they had come across no signs of wagons. Aunt Debby was riding along a road cut out of the rocks about midway up the mountain. To her right the descent was almost perpendicular for 100 feet or more to where a creek ran at the bottom of a cliff. To her left the hill rose up steeply to a great height. Fortner and the others were threading their way through the brush some distance above her, and keeping her in view as well as the bushes and trees would permit. Suddenly there arose from the road the sound of galloping hoofs. Leaning forward to get a better view Fortner and the others saw Aunt Debby galloping back, waving the red handkerchief which was her signal of the approach of a wagon. After her galloped a Confederate sergeant, with revolver drawn, shouting to her to stop or he would fire. Abe Bolton stepped forward impulsively to shoot the Confederate, missed his footing and slid down the hill, landing in the road with such force as to jar into unintended injury a bitter imprecation he had constructed for the emergency. He struck in front of the sergeant, who instantly fired at Aunt Debby's mare, sending a bullet through the faithful animal, which sank to the ground and lay her side to the ground. Without waiting to rise, and he was not certain that he could, Abe fired his musket, but missed both man and horse. He scrambled to his feet and ran furiously at the Confederate with raised gun. The sergeant fired wildly at him, when Bolton struck the animal a violent blow across the head. It reeled, slipped and in another instant had fallen over the side of the road and crushed his rider on the rocks below. Five of the wagon guard, who were riding ahead of the wagon, galloped forward at the sound of the shots. Fortner, Edwards and Harry Glen fired into these, and three saddles were emptied. The remaining two men

were captured, and the others fled.

"Kill ye, Pete Hoskins!" said Fortner, with unfathomable contempt. "What conserve ye hab ter think yew with the powder an' lead, I hab n't no bullet ter waste on cur'ron."

He struck the object below the couple of stinging blows on the face with the ramrod, replaced from his belt a long keen knife. He stirred slightly in doing this, and in turning to confront the dog. The hound sprang forward with a growl that was abruptly ended, for Fortner's left hand shot out like an arrow, and caught the loose folds of skin on the brute's neck, and the next instant his right, armed with the knife, descended and laid the animal's shoulder and neck open with a long deep cut. But the darkness made Fortner mistake his distance. He neither caught the dog securely, nor sent the knife to his heart, as he intended, and the hound tearing away, ran out into the moonlight, bleeding and yelping. Before he reached his human allies Fortner had silently sped back 100 yards, to a more secure shelter, so that the volley which was pointed into the thicket only endangered the lives of the chipmunks denizen there. The mounted men rode forward and joined those on foot in raking the copse with charges of buckshot.

Away above Fortner and Harry rose yells and the clitter of galloping hoofs. Before they could imagine what this meant a little cavalcade swept by at a mad gallop, yelling at the tops of their voices, and charging directly at the Confederates below. In front were Aunt Debby, Bolton and Edwards, riding abreast, and behind them three men in the trees and in the thickets.

Fortner looked up the road to his right and listened intently.

A waterrat huddled somewhere in the neighborhood. The pine and hemlocks near the summit sighed drearily. A gray fox, which had probably just supper'd off a pheasant, sat on a log and barked out his glutinous satisfaction. A wildcat, as yet supperless, screamed its envy from a cliff half a mile away.

"I can't hear anything of Aunt Debby an' the others," said Fortner, at length; "so I reckon they're clean over the mounting, an' bout safe by this time. Them beasts are pretty good travelers, I imagine, an' they hasn't let no grass grow in under ther' hufs."

"But the Confederates are comin', hand over hand," said Harry, who had been watching to the left and listening. "I hear them now quite plainly. Yes, there they are," he continued, as two or three galloped around a turn in the road, followed at a little interval by others.

The metallic clang of the rapid hoof beats on the rocks rang through the somber aisles of the forest. Noisy fox and antiphonal wildcat stopped to listen to this invasion of sound.

"Quick! let's get in cover," said Fortner. "Ye make fun ter rock up thar," said Fortner to Harry, pointing to a spot several hundred yards above them, "and stay there tell I come. Keep close in the shadur, so's they won't see ye."

"It seems to me that I ought to stay with you," said Harry, indecisively. "No; go. Ye can do no good heah. One's better nor two. I'll be up thar soon. Go, quick."

There was no time for debate, and Harry did as bidden.

Fortner stepped into the inky shadow of the wagon's load showed it to be mainly made up of beams, shoulders and sides plundered from the smokehouses visited. With these were a number of guns, including several fine rifles, and all the ammunition that could be found along the route.

A breakfast was made of slices of ham broiled on the ends of sticks, and then a consultation was held as to the plans for the day's operations.

The result of this was a decision that Aunt Debby and one of the newcomers should go back and inform the neighborhood of what had taken place, gather a party to remove the dead from the creek and bury them, to keep the water from being poisoned, and recover what property might be found with the first wagon. Kent Edwards, Abe Bolton, and two of the new comers would scout down toward London, to ascertain the truth of the rumor that Zollicoffer had evacuated that place and retired to Laurel bridge, nine miles south of it. Fortner and Harry Glen would take the wagon to Wildcat Gap, report what had been done, and explain to their command the absence of the enlisted men.

The horsemen, much scattered by the pursuit, clattered onward. In ones and twos, with wide intervals between, they reached along a half mile of the road. Two—the best mounted—rode together at the head. Two hundred yards below the great white rock, which shone as innocent and kindly as a fleecy summer cloud, a broad rivulet wound its way toward the neighboring creek. The blown horses scented the grateful water, and checked down to drink of it. The right hand rider loosened his bridle that his steed might gratify himself. The other tightened his rein and struck with his spurs. His horse gathered and leaped across the stream. As the armed hoofs struck sparks from the smooth stones on the opposite side, the rider of the drinking horse saw burst out of the white rock above them a gray cloud with a central tongue of flame, and his comrade fell to the ground.

His immediate reply with both barrels of his shotgun showed that he did not mistake this for any natural phenomenon. The sound of the shots brought the rest up at a gallop, and a rapid fire was opened on the end of the rock.

"They're doin' like devils," interrupted Abe.

"But did you ever see anybody that could go through the country as these fellows can?"

"Aunt Debby, that's awful," said Harry, with a rising sickness about his heart, as the excitement began subsiding.

"Plenty good enuf fur scoundrels who rob poor men of all they hav," said Fortner, fiercely, as he reloaded his rifle. "Hic's not bad enuf fur thiev's an' robbers."

"Hic's good judgment on the wicked an' the oppresor," said Aunt Debby, with solemnity.

"I'm sartin of hit," she returned, confidently. "I hav adopted ye in my heart ez a son, an' I feel toward yo ez ef yo were raylly my own kin. I know ye'll be a credit to us all."

"I believe the bullets you cast for me will do good service," said Harry, with sincerity in his tones.

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sho's yo're born, honey." He pointed to where a shapely head was raised, and almost human agony looked out of great liquid eyes. "That wuz the finest hoss in Lauren county, an' they've stole 'im from Joel. Hic's bout break his heart, fur he set a powerful sight of store on that ore beast. Poor critter! hit makes me sick ter see 'im suffer that-a-way. I've a mind ter put 'im outen his misery, but I'm afeared I can't shoot 'im so long ez he looks at me with them big pitiful eyes o' his'n. They go right ter my heart."

"You'd better shoot him," urged Aunt Debby. "Hic's a sinner but an innocent critter suffer that-a-way."

Fortner raised his rifle, and sent a bullet through the mangled brute's brain.

Aunt Debby's eyes became fixed on a point where, a mile away down the mountain, a bend in the road was visible through an opening in the trees.

"Look out," she said, as the echoes of the shot died away; "thar comes a hull lot on 'em."

They looked, and saw plainly a large squad of cavalry, with a wagon behind.

"We must get outen heah, an' that quick," said Fortner, decisively. He caught one of the horses and shortened a stirrup to make the saddle suitable for a side saddle. "Heah, Aunt Debby, let me help ye up, honey. Now Bolton and Edwards, I'll help ye on these ere other critters. Now send out ez fast as the horses' legs will tote ye. Don't spit 'em a mite. Them fellers'll gin ye the devil's own chace ez soon ez they git heah an' see what's bin done. Glen and me'll go acrost on other side. Don't come back of ye heah shootin', but keep straigh on, 'ur we kin take care of this crowd without eny help. Glen, you sit-up the mounting that ez fast ez the Lord'll let ye. I'll be after ye right spy."

All sped away as directed. Fortner had been loading his gun while speaking. He now ranned the bullet home, and withdrawing his rammer walked over to the cliff beside which the teamster was cowering.

"O, Mister Fortner, don't kill me—please don't!" whined the hulksome man, getting awkwardly upon his knees and raising his hands imploringly. "I swear to God I'll never raise hand agin' a Union man agin' ef ye'll only stop me."

He struck the object below the couple of stinging blows on the face with the ramrod, replaced from his belt a long keen knife. He stirred slightly in doing this, and in turning to confront the dog. The hound sprang forward with a growl that was abruptly ended, for Fortner's left hand shot out like an arrow, and caught the loose folds of skin on the brute's neck, and the next instant his right, armed with the knife, descended and laid the animal's shoulder and neck open with a long deep cut. But the darkness made Fortner mistake his distance. He neither caught the dog securely, nor sent the knife to his heart, as he intended, and the hound tearing away, ran out into the moonlight, bleeding and yelping. Before he reached his human allies Fortner had silently sped back 100 yards, to a more secure shelter, so that the volley which was pointed into the thicket only endangered the lives of the chipmunks denizen there. The mounted men rode forward and joined those on foot in raking the copse with charges of buckshot.

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The Confederates seemed totally unmoved by this startling apparition. The dismounted ones flung themselves on their horses and all dashed away at a gallop, without attempting to make a stand and without taking thought of their wagon. As they scoured along the opposite mountain side Fortner and Harry fired at them, but without being able to tell whether their shots took effect.

The pursuit was carried but a little distance. The wagon was secured and taken up the mountain. A little after midnight the summit was passed, and Fortner led the hounds into an opening to the right, which eventually brought up at a little level spot in front of a large cave. The horses were unshod and unsaddled, a fire built, cedar boughs gathered to make a bed on the rocky floor of the cave, and they threw themselves down upon this to sleep the sleep of utter weariness.

The meantime Harry had learned that the new comers were cousins of Fortner's, who, being out on a fresh scouting expedition, had been encountered by Aunt Debby and the others near the summit of the mountain, and had started back with them to the assistance of Fortner. The sound of firing had so excited them that the suggestion of a charge by Kent Edwards was eagerly acceded to.

"It must be near 3 o'clock," said Kent, looking up at the stars, as he came back stealthily from laying the saddle blanket, which was the only covering he and Abe had, upon the sleeping form of Aunt Debby, and my downy couch still waits for me. My life-long habits of stud respectability have been greatly shaken recently."

Abe groaned derisively.



# MASSILLON INDEPENDENT, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

CHAPMAN.

Our Correspondent Pays His Respects to Gillespie.

Thomas Masters made a business trip to Canton last Tuesday.

Our school, after three weeks' vacation has again settled down to their work in earnest.

Mr. William Robinson, of Sherrardville, O., made our village a flying trip last Monday.

Mr. John Jacobs, of Massillon, while out here at his farm last Monday, drove into the woods to see the men who are getting out logs for his new barn. His sleigh upset and he was thrown to the ground, dislocating his arm.

Our mines continue to run steadily. The Youngstown Company are fast approaching the works of the old Sprankle mine. The creek has been secured both inside and out wherever thought necessary. This company, under the able management of Mr. George W. Phillips, deserves great credit for the manner in which they have opened up these old works.

We notice that the miners' secretary, Lewis, had to come down from Krumroy and get his circulars printed at the American office. This is part pay for the political puffs McBride gets from that paper. If there is any one thing that requires the attention of the miners' forthcoming convention it is the abolishing of the one man power among the officers. As it is, Lewis must jump whenever McBride says so, for McBride has the power to remove him at his pleasure.

Gillespie, of the Democrat refers to fellows rooting at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon. Now, we have never had occasion to root at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon or any other person, but how is it with Gillespie? If we were allowed to judge from the appearance of the handle on his face, we would say that he must have done considerable in the art of nosing while rooting at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon about the time he was made postmaster at Alliance.

NARAVILLE.

L. Captain, of New Philadelphia, visited here last week.

Miss Sarah Dimus, of Massillon, visited her here on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Shaeffer, of Medina, is visiting her parents in Navarre.

Mr. Jabez Thomas and wife spent the holidays among West Virginia friends.

Prof. D. D. Luke, of Ligonier, Ind., visited at the home of B. B. Luke Friday last.

John Collier is drilling for coal north of town. He says prospects are very good.

Rev. Lemasters, of the U. B. Church will begin a series of meetings here on February 1st.

James Siffert and sister, Miss Ada, of Newcomerstown, spent the holidays with relatives in Navarre.

George H. Cross, our West End dry goods merchant, had a slight attack of hemorrhage of the lungs.

The M. E. Sunday school received a fine treat on Sunday last in the shape of half a pound of candy to each scholar.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the drama on last Saturday evening was a grand success. A house of about three hundred and fifty went away declaring that they had received the worth of their money. Many were the compliments passed upon the young amateurs, who, in turn, heartily thank all for such encouraging words. They have been asked to repeat it, which may be done some time in the spring. Among the Massillon parties who wore down we mention Miss Maggie Perry and sister and Frank Hemperly. The net proceeds amounted to over \$20.

DALTON.

C. A. Larimer, of Ontario, O., visited friends here a few days.

The weather is not so frigid to-day as it has been the past week.

Allen Bevard and wife left for their home in Auburn Ind., last Friday.

A. A. Buchanan is happy now. Its a girl. Archie has furnished the cigars.

Mr. Alvin Good and his cousin, Miss Good, of Sterling, visited here the past week.

Charlie Fletcher, who has been working in Springfield, O., the past summer is now home on a visit.

Henry Erhard comes to us and says that he has a bouncing boy which came on New Years to stay.

During the holidays quite a large number of people took advantage of cheap railroad rates and visited their friends abroad.

Mr. Hiram C. Greve will retire from the Excelsior cigar factory of this place. He has been engaged in a cigar factory at Dayton, O., as foreman of the factory. Mr. Adam Hanblau has purchased his interest here in the factory and will take charge immediately. Mr. Greve has been on the sick-list the past week.

On last Sunday Mr. John Erwin received the sad news of the death of his brother, David Erwin of Holden, Mo., Mr. Erwin and Mrs. Thomas Cully, the only daughter of the deceased, left here on Monday morning.

for Holden. The deceased is well known in this community, having been a resident of this county for a great many years. He emigrated to Holden a few years ago where he has since made his home.

ELTON.

Praise meeting at the McFarren church Sunday evening.

Enoch Jordan's have taken an English lassie to care for as their own.

Horace Beals and wife were circulating among their friends last week.

Clarence Stansbury is spending the week with relatives at Canal Dover.

A pleasant family party at Sam McFarren's ushered in the new year happily.

Mrs. Daniel Daughman spent the New with her mother and son, near Doylestown,

Miss Eliza Straus, of West Salem, has been the guest of Mr. Samuel Bangham for several days.

## A CORRESPONDENT

Who is Heartily in Favor of Public Libraries in General

And the Establishment of One in Massillon in Particular.

Mr. Editor.—After reading the article in your last issue over the signature of "One of the People," where he informs us that for the "common people" public libraries are about played out, I pause; am shocked; I am fairly stunned. I have the honor of being one of the "common people," and for years have keenly felt the want of books. I was not able to buy, have often felt the need of a public library, and now, just as an effort is about to be made to secure one, the gentleman pops up and says, "common people" don't need libraries. They cost too much money. I hope he will not make an onslaught on our public schools; they cost a good deal too. School buildings, teachers' salaries, etc.,—just to think what they cost!

In Africa land is fertile and cheap.

The people there are not bothered with public library projects, nor the expense of public schools: what a paradise that country should be for "One of the People."

But this is what he says: "What benefit can be derived from a library to warrant the proposed expenditure?"

In last week's issue of the Independent somebody asks "what great benefit is to be derived from a library to warrant the proposed expenditure?" and is disposed to be sarcastic when he admits that the library edifice would be an ornament to our *already* beautiful park. Beauty may be a future possibility of that piece of ground called a park, but certainly not a present reality. The erection, however, of a fine building thereon, and the improvement of the remaining portion of ground, would go a long way towards making it a place in which the citizens might take just pride. But to the question, "what benefit is to be derived from a library?" The object is, as stated, to elevate the standard of intelligence of the general public, to cultivate in the citizens a desire to read and learn; to give an attractive place to go and look over the magazines and newspapers of the day, to find books of reference which many wish time and again to consult, but cannot afford to own; a room in which to find the fictional and popular literature, which one often wishes to read but does not care to buy.

There are not half a dozen persons in

the city who possess a library of more than a thousand volumes, although it is true that books have never been afforded so cheaply as now, yet a collection of valuable books costs a considerable sum of money, and only a few of those even of a literary turn of mind can buy the books they wish to use, to say nothing of magazines. One does not wish to subscribe for a dozen or more periodicals, and yet would be very glad to look over an article or so in several magazines to which he could not otherwise have access. The library rooms, pleasantly and comfortably furnished, with shelves filled with books, and tables loaded with papers and periodicals, would extend a cordial invitation to all, and would be gratefully accepted by many more than those who belong strictly to the literary class. And again, for what purpose do we send our children to school? First of all, to learn to read, that they may possess themselves of a knowledge of what has happened in the world in past times, and keep informed of what is going on in the present. All are better prepared to be useful members of society if the habit of thoughtful reading is cultivated: this habit strengthens and broadens the mind; by it the girl and the boy expand into better citizens.

A wise man has said: "I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

As he says, "there was a time when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that day has passed,"

will he kindly inform us at what period their usefulness ceased?

But a few hundred years ago there was a period of

several hundred years' duration called the Dark Ages. Learning had nearly

died out among all classes; abject ignorance prevailed: most of the nobility

could not even write their own names

though they had high-sounding titles

and lived in big castles; the "common people" in those days were known as

vassals, serfs, and the like; serfs of the soil, living in ignorance and hopeless poverty, their labors, their military services and their very lives were at the call of their baronial masters, counts, dukes, and noble lords. But the printing press was invented, books were made, the schoolmaster arose in the land, day dawned upon the night of humanity, and from that day to this the condition of the "common people" has been an improving one. Have we reached the very apex of improvement? Does the gentleman want us to relapse into a state of medieval darkness and servility? It is true that barons, counts, dukes, etc., are growing to be things of the past, but millionaires and political bosses are coming to the front. Does "One of the People" want to have us "common people" become food for them to fatten upon? An enlightened people will know their rights, and how to maintain them; an ignorant people, never.

He tells us that we "common people"

will read the current literature of the day in the place of standard works of which libraries are largely composed."

Of course, if we are denied access to

historical works, biographies, travels, scientific works, and such standard books as we wish to find in libraries, we will have to fall back upon the "current literature of the day, which is within the reach of all." The current literature of the day? and what is it? Accounts of wife beatings, wife murders, divorce suits, scandal cases, robberies, murders, prize fights, dog fights, and even rock fights, the disgusting squabbles of political bosses over political spoils: then we have the yellow covered stuff "within the reach of all," pretty stories, stories of lovers, of impossible heroes and heroines, stories of pirates, of robbers, of detectives, Nerve Kidder, Bowery Blood, James Brothers, and the like. And so,

public libraries being played out, this is the mental pavilion he proposes for us "common people."

But he makes one generous exception in favor of libraries, and that is "at points where scientific education prevails." Now, the word science means knowledge, or a knowledge of facts; in a broader sense, a general knowledge of facts, so that inferences can be drawn, conclusions arrived at; all science is based on facts, and without the facts there can be no scientific knowledge. But scientific education does prevail in Massillon. We have excellent schools where not only the ordinary branches of science are taught, but some of the higher branches. Then again, the successful carrying on of the business of the various works of Massillon is dependent upon a knowledge of facts, facts that are being closely observed and reduced to a perfect science (if possible) and it is not likely there is a shop or works of any kind in Massillon but that there is a process of scientific education going on from day to day. But all these our friend either overlooks or chooses to ignore, and as he tells us "the time was when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that time has passed," we conclude that in his opinion we "common people" of Massillon are either on the top round of the ladder of learning, brimful of knowledge, with enough to last and can take a rest, or that we are "common people" fitted only to be turned over to the highly educational influences of the "current literature of the day," and finally to drift back into the rut of our ancestors, to be serfs and vassals—vassals to no lord, the millionaire and the political boss.

ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

**The Library Question Again.**

In last week's issue of the Independent somebody asks "what great benefit is to be derived from a library to warrant the proposed expenditure?" and is disposed to be sarcastic when he admits that the library edifice would be an ornament to our *already* beautiful park. Beauty may be a future possibility of that piece of ground called a park, but certainly not a present reality. The erection, however, of a fine building thereon, and the improvement of the remaining portion of ground, would go a long way towards making it a place in which the citizens might take just pride. But to the question, "what benefit is to be derived from a library?" The object is, as stated, to elevate the standard of intelligence of the general public, to cultivate in the citizens a desire to read and learn; to give an attractive place to go and look over the magazines and newspapers of the day, to find books of reference which many wish time and again to consult, but cannot afford to own; a room in which to find the fictional and popular literature, which one often wishes to read but does not care to buy.

THE LIBRARY QUESTION AGAIN.

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ORIGIN OF "NEW JERSEY."

When King Charles Stewart gave New Jersey to Lord Berkely and Sir George Carteret the gift was intended mainly as a reward to the latter, who, while governor of the channel island of Jersey, had defended it valiantly against the parliament soldiers. Consequently the territory was named by the donors "Nova Cesarea," or New Jersey. The word Jersey is a corruption of "Cesarey" or "Cesar's-ey," meaning the island of Caesar. It was intended that "Nova Cesarea" should be properly the title, but as the population of the province increased, the people preferred its translated name rather than the classical appellation.—Chicago Herald.

SIXTEEN GESTURES TO THE MINUTE.

While Lord Randolph Churchill was giving utterance to an eight-minute speech in the British house of commons the other day he made no fewer than 150 emphatic gestures.

**Collision on the Boston & Albany Road.**

BINGHAMFIELD, Mass., Jan. 5.—The Madoc passenger train from Albany on the Boston & Albany road, due here about 5 o'clock this morning, was badly wrecked at West Springfield. Two persons were killed and several injured. One man's car and one sleeping car were cut in two.

WARRIOR'S HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR FACTORY.

Fire destroyed the opera house block at New Lisbon, O.

The African M. E. church and an adjoining school-house, at Charleston, W. Va., were destroyed by fire.

The fire loss in the United States and Canada in 1886 amounted to \$16,600,000.

Fire in the Odescalchi Palace, Rome, Sunday, destroyed a million dollars worth of jewelry and furniture.

Presler & Wellenvoss' wholesale hat and cap store, at Louisville, was burned. Loss \$25,000.

Warren Warner's hydraulic elevator factory, of 14 West Eighth street, Cincinnati, was burned. Loss \$7,000.

Fire on Pearl street, Cincinnati, burned out J. Benckenstein & Co.'s boot and shoe auction house and badly damaged the nation houses of K. Hirschbaum & Co. and Roberts & Sellers. Loss perhaps \$80,000.

THE FIRE KELL.

Nat Carpenter, aged eighty-five, a farmer, went into a lawyer's office at Indianapolis, had his will drawn up, complained of a pain in his breast, and in fifteen minutes was dead.

REV. THURMAN M. POST, D.D., THE OLDEST PROTESTANT MINISTER IN ST. LOUIS, DEPARTED THIS LIFE WITH THE OLD YEAR, AGED SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY, A WEALTHY AND PROMINENT CITIZEN OF DETROIT, IS DEAD.

MRS. MARY HALDERMAN, OF WABASH, IND., DROPPED DEAD OF HEART DISEASE AT POKER, IND.

JON J. SCHMIDT, SENATOR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST SENATORIAL DISTRICT OF OHIO, DIED SUNDAY.

THE RT. REV. HORATIO POTTER, BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DIED AT HIS RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK, SUNDAY. HIS DEATH WAS FROM PNEUMONIA.

RAILROAD READING.

JUDGE STEVENSON BURKE, OF CLEVELAND, WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE C. C. C. & L. RAILROAD COMPANY.

THE L. C. & D. RAILROAD WILL BE GRANTED THE SAME RIGHT OF WAY THROUGH HAMILTON, O., THAT THE PAN-HANDLE HAS.

JUDGE THOMAS M. COOLEY HAS ASSUMED HIS DUTIES AS RECEIVER OF THE WABASH RAILWAY SYSTEM.

JUDGE COOLEY, RECEIVER OF THE WABASH RAILROAD, HAS ANNOUNCED HIS CORPS OF ASSISTANTS. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMPANY WILL BE AT CHICAGO.

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